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THE CRAYON.

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PART I.

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KLOPSTOCK.

"As all Nature's thousand changes
But one changeless God proclaim,
So in Art's wide kingdom ranges
One sole meaning, still the same;
This is Truth, eternal Reason,
Which from Beauty takes its dress,
And, serene through time and season,
Stands for aye in loveliness."

ON the morning of the 22d March, 1803, the city of Hamburg presented a singular appearance of commotion and excitement. At ten o'clock above seventy coaches assembled before the house of *Klopstock*. This respectable train consisted of the diplomatic corps resident in the circle of Lower Saxony, the members of the Senate, the clergy, the teachers of the Gymnasium and of St. John's, literati and artists, merchants, etc. Notwithstanding the immense concourse of people, amounting to, at least, fifty thousand in the streets and market-place, all interference of the police was unnecessary. An universal sentiment of awe supplied its place, and imposed silence on an innumerable multitude of people. The procession, accompanied by a guard of cavalry and infantry, sent by the senate, followed the open hearse, drawn by four horses, on which rested the simple coffin, and proceeded through some of the principal streets, to the gate which leads to Altona. At the gate the body was received by the first president of Altona, preceded by ten marshals, and followed by many citizens and inhabitants, among whom were many members of the Senate, as well as celebrated literati, foreign generals, and other persons of distinction. Between the marshals went three young ladies, dressed in white, crowned with oak leaves and white roses, and carrying wreaths of roses, myrtle, and laurel. The procession passed through the principal streets of Altona, to the grave, in the churchyard of the village of Ottensen. The corpse was everywhere met by open demonstrations of respect and love, and of grief for such an irreparable loss. The guards, by whom the procession passed, in both towns, paid military honors; and the ships in the harbor displayed mourning flags. When the procession arrived at the grave, where it was received by music of wind instruments muffled, the coffin was taken off the hearse, carried into the church, and placed before the altar. The noble poem of the "*Messiah*" was laid on the coffin. A young man stepped forward and covered the open book with a laurel crown, while the young ladies from Altona laid theirs on the bier. Then began the musical celebration,

performed by above a hundred musicians, together with many female singers from different families in Hamburg. Stanzas and choruses out of *Klopstock's* paraphrase of the "*Pater Noster*," and his spiritual songs set to music, by Romberg and others, and out of Mozart's mourning "*Cantata*," resounded through the aisles, and added a melting solemnity to the scene. During a pause in the music, Dr. Meyer took the book from the coffin, and read from the twelfth canto of the "*Messiah*," the description of the death of Mary, the sister of Lazarus: comforting, animating images of death and immortality which had hovered round the deathbed of the pious poet! exalted thoughts of religion with which his soul departed from the world! Then burst forth the chorus, "*Arise, verily thou shalt arise!*" during which the coffin was taken up and carried into the churchyard, and, after every sacred rite was performed, it was let down into the grave.

We hope our countrymen, in their ramblings over Europe, will not forget to visit the churchyard of the village of Ottensen. Let them scatter some flowers over the poet's grave. *Klopstock* is another of those lovely souls worthy of their homage. We bow before Schiller's enthusiasm for liberty, we admire Lessing's enthusiasm for truth, we love Jean Paul's enthusiasm for humanity; let us do justice also to *Klopstock*, and revere his enthusiasm for religion. Moreover, we are bound to say, that we recognize in the writings of these four men the literary boundary line between the Old and the New Testament. In too many of the works of previous writers the mock-heroism of Paganism and the inhumanity of Judaism cast their gloomy shadows over the pure doctrines of the Sermon on the Mount. Dante is full of gall and bitterness; his terrible imagination may have fascinations for the sombre creed of the superstitious, but has no charms for the gentle faith of true feeling. Shakspeare's humanity comes before us in fragments of divine thought, but in a monstrous company of bloody kings and mutilated peoples. Beauty and virtue are not taught through his dramas, as the normal features of humanity, but they are loth to appear, unless summoned to action by all sorts and manners of murders and butcheries. Nothing short of adultery in the mother, and fratricide in the father, is required to produce the Hamletian philosophy. The revolting fiendishness of Iago, and the brutal murder of Desdemona are unavoidable requisites to bring out the lava-beauties of the fiery Moor; and so throughout Shakspeare the moral unity of the whole philosophy is destroyed by the anti-beautiful

elements employed to bring out beautiful thoughts. Again, Milton dwells with keener relish upon the wickedness of the intellectual Satan than upon the loveliness of the gentle Christ. He stands in nearer relation to the stern high-priests of the Hebrews than to the meek apostle of the cross.

But in reading the writings of Jean Paul and Klopstock, we move, after 1800 years of sad hallucinations and formidable deviation, again in an atmosphere of unalloyed moral beauty—in an atmosphere of evangelical love. Some few prophetic minds have already discerned this providential tendency of Germany, to bring us back again to the first principles of religion, humanity, and beauty—to the first principles of all Arts and all literatures—and soaring from his shaggy Highland heath high above these few prophetic minds, towers the sturdy Seer of Nithsdale—Thomas Carlyle. For years past he has, like St. John in the wilderness, been crying out to the utilitarians of Old and New England: "Listen to the voices from Germany. Harken to Schiller, Lessing, Jean Paul, and Klopstock; listen to their philosophic music of the soul."

And let us bear in mind that Carlyle's appeals are supported by the teachings of history. When the empire of Rome was crumbling away, German youths were seen in the streets of the Eternal City, and the Roman ladies seemed fascinated by their soft blue eyes and their fair curling hair. In our days, when the empire of Mammon rules far more despotically over mankind than ever even the worst of the Cæsars did, Germany sends again forth men with the soft blue eyes of Love, and the fair brows of noble thought. At a later period, when the Church of Rome became intolerable, and its priestcraft revolting, Germany was again ready to supply the man who had the power to stay the plague. Now, in our days, when priests have lost their spell, and kings their terrors, a vulgar, all-degrading, all-polluting, all-abasing, all-levelling mammon-craft weighs like a disgusting nightmare upon the religion, the humanity, the literature, and the arts of our land, palsies the spiritual progress of the race, and threatens to kill every vestige of moral enthusiasm in the human heart. We hear a great deal about the civilizing influence of commerce, about the energies evolved by the cunning pursuits of business, about the charitableness of one or the other successful trader, and unquestionably there is much to admire in all these beneficent influences. *But the question is not philosophically argued*, and many good men, in their anxiety to promote industry and encourage the poor laboring man, unconsciously almost pander to the despotism of Mammon, through their indiscriminate and indiscreet deification of business, and by their joining the fanatical howlings of the utilitarian wolves. Business attending chiefly to the physical wants of mankind, it follows that, in all those countries, where dire necessity, or the lack of taste for higher pursuits, draws the majority of the people within its mechanism, the whole social and spiritual atmosphere becomes tainted with the miasmas of the business-

world; business-men anoint the minister of Christ; business-men preside over the noblest interests of Education; the base metal solders the marriage-grasp of lovers; and our babies, before they learn to whisper the name of God, smartly stammer: "Money, money." Tyranny, slavery, and the whole cannibal list of contemporaneous iniquities are miserable side-issues, compared to this all-overtowering tyranny of Money. *They are effects only. The cause is the Mammon-worship.* The most out-spoken minister in the pulpit does not dare to utter truth in the presence of the president of the bank. Even some of the loftiest rather love to shake hands with the mighty in Purse, than to commune with the mighty in Thought. Imagination and patriotism do the rest; the one investing business with all the romance of Florentine enterprise; the other, indulging dreams about the greatness and glory of their country.

But the merchants of Florence were men of royal taste and poetical natures. Not private gain, but public good, was the motto of *their* ambition. They used the moneyed result of their enterprise not for the purpose of gratifying their own selfishness, but with a view of benefiting Literature and the Fine Arts; and, under this magnanimous theory of business, Michael Angelo and Raphael prospered, and even the commonest sailor in the Mediterranean freight-boats felt ennobled by the glory which their names shed upon the owner and his cargoes. Nor is there aught in history to justify the disgusting buncombe, about the greatness of a country, merely through exercise of physical, through exercise of business powers. Aye, History did not even condescend to keep on record the names of the Hebrew business-men, with the exception of the money-changing firm of Judas Iscariot & Co. Where are now the presidents of the banks of Athens, the directors of the insurance offices of Alexandria and Tyre, the dry-goods' importers of Rome, and the jewelry shopkeepers of Venice? Has the mere pursuit of private gain, the mere business-hunt of money, ever been considered a glory, a heroism, a triumph, a matter of chuckling and rejoicing, as in our days? *Never! Never! Never!* Now, since this nefarious tendency of our age contributes more than any other tendency we know of, to undermine the sense of the beautiful of the races, we consider it the duty of all who love truth, beauty, and the prosperity of Art, Science, and the noble branches of Literature, not only to protest—to protest most emphatically against this all-gnawing cancer of our moral development, but also to draw the attention of every reflecting mind to all such writings as those which, when properly studied and diffused, are calculated to make men *think*, to make us pause in our headlong materialism, to bring us all back to those high principles of thought and action, which we find embodied in the works of Jean Paul, Klopstock, Lessing, Schiller, and a few others of kindred thought and power.

We have advocates of patriotism, advocates of freedom, advocates of religion, advocates of humanity, advocates of education, advocates of literature. There is no lack of

mental capacity among us. But unless men *love*, as they now argue and advocate, we may retrograde in the midst of earthquakes of apparently noble agitation. Let us not confound the heat and ambition of the intellect with the fervor and intensity of the heart. Without such fervor and intensity of feeling, moral enthusiasm is impossible. At present we find the demon Mammon cramping our hearts. This demon moulds and shapes our civilization, our humanity, our charity, our philanthropy, our Christianity, our literature, our Art. Unless this demon be opposed by large classes of our fellow citizens,—unless anti-mammon societies go hand in hand with anti-slavery societies,—moral enthusiasm cannot strike root in our land, and without the existence of moral enthusiasm, we may crow like the rooster, but will never soar like the eagle, and possess an eye like his to look unflinchingly upon the great light of divinity.

Let us not be supposed fanatically biased in favor of the German writers, or thought capable of over-stating their influences. Yet we cannot help thinking that Schiller and his contemporaries, inspired, as they were, by the classical beauties of Greece and Italy, bowing, as they did, before the intensity of Asiatic will and the brilliancy of Oriental imagination, stimulated by the sturdy energy, but disgusted by the grovelling materialism of Britain, exasperated by the frivolity of France, and the inanity of other countries, and, above all, hallowed by a child-like faith, and a true German love of truth for its own sake, come before us with hearts full of love, and thoughts full of wisdom, bid us to be of good cheer again, and implore us to renew faith in the progress of humanity, just as if nothing had occurred to cloud our belief, or to sadden our poesy.

We think we can trace in their writings the loving spirit of St. John, and the earnest enthusiasm of St. Paul; and, although Klopstock was chiefly celebrated through his "Messiah," we doubt not but that the study of his life and the various writings of so pure and noble a spirit will even be interesting to those whose taste does not generally lead them to the study of sacred literature.

To give an idea of the *man*, Klopstock, we place before our readers one of the letters which his wife, his beloved Meta, addressed to Mr. Richardson, the author of "Clarrissa." This letter, with many others, was published in the correspondence of Mr. Richardson, and the accomplished lady, who edited that correspondence, remarks, in reference to Mrs. Klopstock's letter, "It is presumed that readers of taste will not wish that Mrs. K.'s letters had been put into better English."

We leave, therefore, Mrs. K.'s English as she has written it:

"MRS. KLOPSTOCK TO MR. RICHARDSON.

"HAMBURG, 14th March, 1758.

"You are very kind, sir, to wish to know everything of your Hamburg kindred. Then I will obey, and speak of nothing but myself in this letter. I was not the lady who hath been with

two gentlemen from Gottenburg, in England. If I had, never would I have waited for the cold ceremony of introducing you to me. In your house I had been, before you knew that I was in England. That I shall, if ever I am so happy as to come there. We had a pretty project to do it in the spring to come, but I fear that we cannot execute it. The great fiend of friendship, war, will also hinder this, I think. I fear your Antigallican exceedingly, more than the Gallicans themselves; they, I must confess it, are at least more civil with neutral ships. I pray to God to preserve you and Dr. Young till peace comes. We have a short letter of Dr. Young, in which he complains of his health. How does he yet? And you, who are a youth to him, how do you do yourself? You will know all what concerns me. Love, dear sir, is all what me concerns, and love shall be all what I will tell you in this letter. In one happy night I read my husband's poem, the Messiah. I was extremely touched with it. The next day I asked one of his friends, who was the author of this poem? and this was the first time I heard Klopstock's name. I believe I fell immediately in love with him; at the least, my thoughts were ever with him filled, especially because his friend told me very much of his character. But I had no hopes ever to see him, when quite unexpectedly I heard that he should pass through Hamburg. I wrote immediately to the same friend for procuring by his means that I might see the author of the Messiah, when in Hamburg. He told him that a certain girl in Hamburg wished to see him, and, for all recommendation, showed him some letters in which I made bold to criticise Klopstock's verses. Klopstock came, and came to me. I must confess, that though greatly prepossessed of his qualities, I never thought him the amiable youth whom I found him. This made its effect. After having seen him two hours, I was obliged to pass the evening in a company which never had been so wearisome to me. I could not speak: I could not play; I thought I saw nothing but Klopstock. I saw him the next day, and the following, and we were very seriously friends; but on the fourth day he departed. It was a strong hour, the hour of his departure. He wrote soon after, and from that time our correspondence began to be a very diligent one. I sincerely believed my love to be friendship. I spoke with my friends of nothing but Klopstock, and showed his letters. They rallied me, and said I was in love. I rallied them again, and said they must have a very friendshipless heart, if they had no idea of friendship to a man as well as a woman. Thus it continued eight months, in which time my friends found as much love in Klopstock's letters as in me; I perceived it likewise, but I would not believe it. At the last Klopstock said plainly that he loved, and I startled as for a wrong thing. I answered that it was no love, but friendship, as it was what I felt for him; we had not seen one another enough to love; as if love must have more time than friendship! This was sincerely my meaning, and I had this meaning till Klopstock came again to Hamburg. This he did a year after we had seen one another the first time. We saw, we were friends; we loved, and we believed that we loved; and a short time after I could even tell Klopstock that I loved. But we were obliged to part again, and wait two years for our wedding. My mother would not let me marry a stranger. I could marry without her consentment, as, by the death of my father, my fortune depended not on her; but this was an horrible idea for me; and thank heaven that I have prevailed by prayers! At this time, knowing Klopstock, she loves him as her lively son, and thanks God

that she has not persisted. We married, and I am the happiest wife in the world. In some few months it will be four years that I am so happy; and still I dote upon Klopstock as if he were my bridegroom. If you knew my husband, you would not wonder. If you knew his poem, I could describe him very briefly, in saying *he is in all respects what he is as a poet*. This I can say with all wifely modesty; but I dare not to speak of my husband; I am all raptures when I do it. And as happy as I am in love, so happy am I in friendship; in my mother, two elder sisters, and five other women. How rich I am! Sir, you have willed that I should speak of myself; but I fear that I have done it too much. Yet you see how it interests me."

This loving wife and noble woman was not only worthy of her gifted husband by her refined, spiritual nature, but she was also a lady of fine literary attainments, and her letters "*From the Dead to the Living*" are considered to be far superior to those of the celebrated Mrs. Rowe. She had strange forebodings of her death, as appear from a letter she wrote to him at Copenhagen, urging him to return :

"I shall indeed be in continued misery, if September passes without your return. I shall be always expecting to be confined, and to die without you. This would destroy all the peace of which I wish to tell you, for, God be praised, I am strong enough to speak of my death."

Her presentiments were soon realized. She died soon after having written this letter, on giving birth to a still-born child, four years after their marriage. The whole relation between Klopstock and his wife, and their singularly beautiful correspondence must, in themselves, commend both to the grateful memory of posterity; but we now turn to the opinion expressed by various writers about Klopstock and his writings.

Let us, first of all, listen to Madame de Staël, whose strongly intellectual, yet womanly gentle nature, qualified her so eminently to comprehend the German genius in its noblest and loftiest manifestations. Says Madame de Staël:

"The aim of all Klopstock's works is either to awaken patriotism in his country, or to celebrate religion: if poetry had its saints, Klopstock must certainly be reckoned one of the first of them.

"The greater part of his odes may be considered as Christian psalms; Klopstock is the David of the New Testament; but that which honors his character above all, without speaking of his genius, is a religious hymn, under the form of an epic poem, called the '*Messiah*,' to which he devoted *twenty years*. The Christian world already possessed two poems, the '*Inferno* of Dante,' and '*Milton's Paradise Lost*;' one was full of images and phantoms, like the external religion of the Italians. Milton, who had lived in the midst of civil wars, above all excelled in the painting of his characters; and his Satan is a gigantic rebel armed against the monarchy of heaven. *Klopstock has conceived the Christian sentiment in all its purity*: he consecrated his soul to the divine Saviour of men. The fathers of the church

inspired Dante; the Bible inspired Milton: *the greatest beauties of Klopstock's poems are derived from the New Testament*; from the divine simplicity of the Gospel he knew how to draw a charming strain of poetry, which does not lessen its purity. In beginning this poem, it seems as if we were entering a great church, in the midst of which an organ is heard, and that tender emotion, that devout meditation which inspires us in our Christian temples, also pervades the soul as we read the *Messiah* His mixture of poetic enthusiasm and religious confidence, inspire both admiration and tenderness. Men of talents formerly addressed themselves to fabulous deities. *Klopstock has consecrated his talents to God himself; and by the happy union of the Christian religion with poetry, he shows the modern nations how possible it is to attain a property in the fine Arts, which may belong peculiarly to themselves, without being derived, as servile imitation, from the ancients*"

Says Thomas Carlyle :

"Taste, if it means anything but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness; a sense to discern, and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, order, goodness, wheresoever and in whatsoever forms and accompaniments they are to be seen And is not Klopstock, with his clear enthusiasm, his azure poetry, and heavenly, if still somewhat cold and lunar light, a man of taste?"

In Horn's "*Critical History of German Poetry and Eloquence*," are the following remarks on the character and the poetical talents of Klopstock:

"We may observe in Klopstock three equally excellent traits of character, which are displayed in his poems—patriotism, warmth of friendship, and pure religion; and each of them deserves some observation. The poet appears in Germany at a time when, unconscious of our own powers, or at least neglecting them, we favored only foreign productions, and were not restrained from proceeding in that unworthy conduct, even by the insolence with which our neighbors received such adulation. We had accustomed ourselves to consider the poetical compositions of the French as particularly excellent; and whilst one person after another repeated this opinion, all our attempts were imitations of those models; and while the bold, national, poetic spirit of former times was regarded with contempt, Klopstock alone had the courage to awaken the attention of his sleeping countrymen, by his noble compositions, full of ardor and tenderness, in order that they might resume their ancient force and energy, and that calm dignity, which confides in itself, and is unwilling to borrow from others. He was the man who first animated his native land with the spirit to attain to that degree of excellence in the higher species of poetry, of which it was capable, and to which it has already attained.

"Friendship inspired Klopstock with many of his finest odes. It is a thought which fills us with the most pleasing sensations, that this man, who must have felt so firm a confidence in himself, yet constantly lived on the sentiments of friendship, and even had the art of warming many cooler hearts with the overflowings of his affections; and although that animated and ardent feeling of friendship should sometimes have deceived him, with regard to the worth of those on whom he bestowed it, yet even they who had the least merit amongst them

were capable of appreciating in some degree his elegant and rich mind.

"Klopstock's piety, in its full extent, as it influenced both his heart and his understanding, may clearly be discovered in his odes, entitled "The Omnipotent," "The Contemplation of God," &c., and in the plan of the "Messiah." When we contemplate this last in all its dignity and grandeur, and at the same time consider the courage which was requisite in order to adopt it as the subject of an epic poem, we shall, even on this account alone, bestow on Klopstock the title of a great poet. The reception which the "Messiah" found in Germany was adequate to its merits; we congratulate ourselves on a work which the most sacred spirit had inspired, and the admiration which was excited by this extraordinary poet restrained the frivolous criticisms, with which the Göttingen school had presumed to attack his work."

Says "Menzel.:"

"Klopstock's poetry, as well as his patriotism, had its root in that sublime moral and religious faith, which his "Messiah" celebrates; and he it was, who, along with Gellert, lent to modern German poetry that dignified, earnest, and pious character, which it has never lost again, in spite of all the extravagances of fancy and wit, and which foreign nations have constantly admired most in us, or looked upon with distant respect. When we call to mind the influence of the frivolous old fiend-philosophy, and the scoffing of Voltaire, we begin to comprehend what a mighty dam Klopstock set up against that foreign influence in German poetry.

"His patriotism, therefore, and his elevated religious character, have, still more than the improvements he introduced into the German language, conferred upon him that reverential respect which he will always retain.

"Then his two ideas, country and religion, shine forth in their simplicity, and make upon us the impression of sublimity. We think we see a gigantic spirit of Ossian, striking a wondrous harp, high among the clouds.

"In the highest ideas of his poetry he has given us two great truths—the one, that our un-Germanized poetry, long alienated from its native soil, must take root there again, and there only can grow up to a noble tree; the other, that, as all poetry must have its source in religion, so, too, it must find there its highest aim.

"These new views were impressed upon his mind by the study of antiquity. *Among the Greeks he found the love of country and the susceptibility of religious feeling, which constitute, in fact, the poetry of every nation. In this manner, we must consider Klopstock as the first pioneer of the tendency which followed up the spirit of classical antiquity.* He pointed out two ways to his followers, some of whom aimed at the Greek form, and others at the Greek spirit. In the former, 'Voss' stands nearest to him, in the latter 'Wieland.' "

We now give specimens of his odes taken at random :

TO CISLY.*

Inscrutable beyond the things of earth,
That baffle most and mock the wise,
Is heart-felt love; which springs from real worth,
Not from the poet's dream that dies :

* This and the following ode are taken from a volume entitled "The Odes of Klopstock, translated from the German by William Nind." London: W. Pickering. 1848.

A joy ecstatic, which rewards his pain,
When comes the hour, almost too blest,
Which tells him—loving, he is loved again,
And those two souls in tranquil rest
Feel better life, and for the first time see
Themselves so happy—so alike.
How in that likeness happy! who is he,
That can with words his feeling speak,
Can speak with tears, or with that look replete
With the soul's fullness and its power?
The sadness that announced it, e'en is sweet,
Ere yet arrived the blissful hour.
If in that sadness one did fruitless grieve,
Oh! then the spirit falsely chose,
Yet worthily. No thinker can unweave
The web of those delusive woes.
E'en he that felt them cannot fully sound
Their depths, though somewhat he discern.
He hears their voice: "Since thou wert worthy found
To love, that love we bade thee learn,
Now that the magic mystery thou hast known,
Be follower of the wise, and put
Knowledge in action: for to know alone
Brings forth to none celestial fruit."
So I obeyed. The vale, like Eden fair,
Cisly, and in the vale the spring
Delays thee. And, around, the balmy air
Waves soft its odor-bearing wing.
The rosebuds open to thee now, and breathe
Their perfume round thy calm repose.
Wake! for I lightly throw on thee the wreath;
Wake at the dewy-sprinkling rose!
My heart long quailed its heavy load beneath;
Wake up, and smile away its woes.

THE LAKE OF ZURICH.

O Mother Nature, beautiful and bright
Is all thy work o'er mountain, vale, and sea!
Brighter the eye that drinks delight
From lofty communings with thee!

Come from the vine-shores of the glimmering lake,
Sweet joys! or, if the fading earth ye leave,
Come from the rosy tints, that break
O'er the far West, on wings of eve.

Come, and my lay with youthful rapture fill,
Glad as the voice of the blithesome shepherd boy,
Whose carols wake the echoes shrill,
Yet gentle, as my Fanny's joy.

* * * * *

Sweet is thine inspiration, when the ground
Blooms to thee, joyous Spring! and incense laden,
Thy balmy breath is pour'd around
Into the heart of youth and maiden.

The feeling that o'ermasters thou dost move,
And glowing bosoms deeper breath respire.
The spell that bound the lips of love
Thou brakest with thy touch of fire.

The wine winks brightly to the genial soul:
But dearer is the joy, when sparkles round
Pure thought from the Socratic bowl,
With wreaths of dewy roses crown'd

When the heart swells, and high resolve is born
Of spirits who the sottish herd despise;
Learning in converse high to scorn
The thought unworthy of the wise.

Alluringly the silver tone of Fame
Rings in the throbbing heart! To live for ever
Is a great thought—a noble aim,
Worthy the toil of high endeavor!

* * * * *

A few remarks about the early life of Klopstock may prove interesting to our readers. In a beautiful country, on the banks of the *Saal*, the poet passed his early years, under the guidance of a private tutor. We have not many particulars about the character of his mother, but from the little we know about her, we have no hesitation in affirming, that she was one of these noble specimens of sturdy Saxon womanhood, combining with a keen, practical common-sense, adamant love of truth, and faith in things and thoughts divine. A race of woman still to be found here and there among the yeomanry of Old and New England, Scotland, Scandinavia, and northern and central Germany, full of character and womanly vigor, bringing up large numbers of children, with health unbroken and hearts undismayed. If the history of woman could be recorded as faithfully as that of man, we should soon find out how it is that so many individuals of our days look so puny. Our modern civilization has, so far, not been favorable to woman. There is nothing, or very little, in our days, of that *harmonious* development of female nature, which, in former days, made woman, in so many instances, as remarkable in the intellectual as they were sincere in the emotional aptitudes of Nature. Our boasted talk about education is only another buncombe in disguise. It is all outward, superficial, and while many of our young ladies in our seminaries would recite with terrible precision Watts' rules, one moment's conversation with them suffices to show that the rules have only been made to pass smoothly over the lips, without touching the heart. Education has become a business establishment like all the rest. Something like a ship, in which all sort and manner of goods are stowed indiscriminately, without reference to the size of the vessel or availability of the merchandise. We encumber the brain of our girls with all sort and manner of knowledge, but we do not know yet how to impart elasticity to the body and stoutness to the heart. Our present system is purely mental. A sort of mechanical drilling of the brains.

Klopstock's mother having contributed so much to give him a manly nature, he imbibed from his father some of the metaphysical taste which made the good man's delight. Old Klopstock was a magistrate, in the good old Saxon town of Quedlinburg, where he brought up his eleven

children, of whom our poet was the eldest. He was an excellent and worthy man in every way, but like many men who have not had any great advantages of education, those spiritual aspirations, which, with due culture of mind, might have made him remarkable in literature, or in the pulpit, only tended to make him, owing to the lack of such intellectual advantages, what is commonly called "singular," "eccentric." He was fond of Swedenborgian experiments, and the climatical and geographical properties of the Saxon soil, whereon Luther and Klopstock were born, gave to his mode of thinking and feeling that peculiar tinge, which we sometimes call superstition, sometimes mysticism, sometimes by still more modern names. Now, this, of course, made a certain impression upon the mind of young Klopstock, without, however, exercising any serious influences upon his education. His boyish years flowed on in an uninterrupted stream of happiness, resulting from a proper distribution of his time between serious business and innocent relaxation. He was employed during some hours every day in learning the elements of the languages, and he devoted the remaining part of his time, with youthful ardor, to athletic exercises. When he was fit for a public school, in his thirteenth year, his father took him to the gymnasium at Quedlinburg. Here Klopstock passed three years, unmarked by fame, and rather unfolding his corporeal than his mental powers. He was in his sixteenth year when he proceeded from the gymnasium to the college, where his character as a man and a poet began to be displayed in a very advantageous point of view. His independence of character manifested itself there, and followed him through his whole life. On his arrival in the college, one of the older boys came to him, with a scornful air, and said, "K-l-o-p-Klopstock, is that your name?" (literally knock-stick, but sounding as ludicrous in German, as, for instance, Mr. Fiddlestick would in English) upon which his uncommon name was immediately echoed and re-echoed, and, of course, laughed at. This enraged him, and going up to the boy, with a menacing air and stern look, he answered, "Yes, my name is Klopstock;" and from this time he was never assailed with any raillery, particularly as the rector applauded his exercises, and immediately gave him the highest place in the third class.

His manly independence manifested itself forty years later, in 1798, when he was fifty-six years old, in reference to his love of republicanism. One of his odes, entitled "Joy and Sorrow," originally contained a stanza complimentary to Nelson, in commemoration of his naval victory at Aboukir. But subsequently he struck it out. His friend remonstrating with him, he said: "I withdraw it, because he did not adhere to the capitulation granted in the name of his country to the Neapolitan republicans, by the subordinate officer, Commodore Foote." But to return to Klopstock while at college. The rector Freytag deserves particular notice amongst his teachers: he elucidated the ancient languages with a precision and taste which

were rare at that time ; he sought to make his scholars familiar not only with the language, *but with the spirit* of the writer. Under this gentleman the industrious youth acquired perfect knowledge of the classics, entered into all the beauties of the ancient authors, and while he followed with rapture the bold flights of their original genius, he fed a flame within himself, which was soon to burst forth in full lustre. *He read few books, but they were the best ;* and he read with acute discrimination and unwearied attention. Virgil was his favorite poet ; and while he saw in him the model of perfect beauty, he felt a strong impulse to imitate him. He applied himself very diligently to composition, both in prose and verse ; and some pastorals, according to the fashionable taste of the time, preceded one of the noblest plans that ever entered the soul of a poet.

At this early period of his life Klopstock formed the resolution of writing an epic poem, which, till then, had not existed in the German language. He tells us himself how this idea arose in his mind. His enthusiastic admiration of Virgil, the glory he promised himself in being the first who should produce a work like the *Æneid* in the language of his native country ; the warmth of patriotism which early animated him to raise the fame of German literature in this particular, to a level with that of other European countries ; the just indignation he felt in reading the work of a Frenchman, who had denied to the Germans any talent for poetry ; all combined with the consciousness of his own superior powers, to spur him on to the execution of his exalted plans. In the autumn of the year 1745 he left the college at Quedlinburg, and removed to the university at Jena. His intention was to study theology, but the dull disputes of scholastic divines did not accord with the state of his mind at that period. *He wanted no evidence to prove the truth of a religion which had taken entire possession of his heart,* and he could not listen with patience to the cavils of cynics, or to the cold reasonings of metaphysicians ; and after a tedious half year the ardent youth, whose mind was accustomed to better nourishment, removed to the University of Leipsic.

During the few months spent at Jena he had, however, in the stillness of his closet, been realizing some part of his intended plans, by tracing out the three first cantos of the "Messiah." He composed these three cantos in prose, but his performance greatly displeased him. He was fired with a laudable indignation at feeling himself so inferior in harmony to his great models, Homer and Virgil. Lost in his own reflection, he would frequently wander up and down the country round Jena, and in one of these solitary walks, he came to a determination to imitate the great poets of antiquity in the structure of their verse. In a few hours he completed a page of hexameters, and from that time decided on composing his poem in that measure.

The publication of the three first books of the *Messiah* produced throughout Germany an electric impression. It

was quoted in every conversation party, and in every pulpit, as an immortal religious classic ; from the women it drew tears of delight, and from the men shouts of applause. The celebrated Danish minister, Count Bérnstorff, who was struck by the talents displayed in these cantos, invited the poet to Copenhagen, presented him to the king, and obtained for him a pension of four hundred dollars, that he might be able to subsist, while his time was devoted to the completion of his great and pious undertaking. In 1751 he went to Copenhagen, but returned in 1754 to Hamburg, to marry his Meta. She died in 1758 ; when he returned to the Danish capital, which he considered as his home, until 1771, when Count Bernstorff, his friend and patron, died. With the exception of a short stay at Carlsruhe, where he contracted a second marriage with an elderly female friend, Johanna von Winthem, who survived him, he passed the remainder of his days in Hamburg, or rather Altona, where the relatives of his first wife contributed much to cheer him up, and to keep him constantly reminded of his beloved Meta, to whom he remained as vehemently attached after her death as during her life. But, to return to the "Messiah." The enthusiasm with which its commencement was received, far from intoxicating him with the fumes of vanity, and to hurry him on to the premature publication of the remaining part, only spurred him on to greater perseverance, and to nobler exertion. The whole 24 books of the *Messiah* took twenty years ; and although this long space of time, during which the composition was completed, gives to the epics here and there a somewhat fragmentary character, and interferes with its outward unity, yet the spiritual merits of the poem became more compact by this very circumstance, and the best experience of his social and literary, and domestic life, instilling themselves into the thoughts of the *Messiah*, invest it with that purely evangelical character, that soul-storming earnestness of connection, which impress us, as if the heart of St. John had borrowed the classic spirit of Virgil to produce a poetical incarnation of Christianity. On many occasions we are reminded of the cold, metaphysical, abstract thought-structures of the child of Saxony ; but if it were not for this, the whole would read like the effusion of a Hebrew bard, brought up at the foot of Calvary, and with a mind enriched by all treasures of ancient and modern literature.

An interesting anecdote respecting the effect of the *Messiah*, was told by Mr. Eaton, a young Englishman, to Mr. Cramer, one of Klopstock's most intimate friends. Mr. Eaton had made a sufficient progress in the German language to understand Klopstock's poetry, and to be an enthusiastic admirer of him. As he had been a consul at Bassora, and had made many voyages to the Levant, Arabic and Persian were as familiar to him as his mother tongue. He once attempted to translate to an Arabian priest, as accurately as the great differences between the languages would permit, a passage in a hymn to *Christ*.

He said that it was impossible to describe the attention with which the Arab listened to it. At length the blood rose into his face; he stood up, and exclaimed with vehemence, "Excellent!" but Allah pardon him for having so highly exalted the Son." He then begged Mr. Eaton to proceed, and again rose hastily, with a sort of indignant admiration, continually repeating, "Allah pardon him for having so highly exalted the Son."

Besides the Messiah, and the Odes, of which we have given some specimens, and many spiritual songs, which have been adopted into the public worship of several Lutheran churches, and various miscellaneous prose writings, Klopstock has also published three national and three sacred dramas. The national dramas illustrate the "Battles of Herman," the celebrated victor, over the Roman legion, under the command of Varus; "The jealousy felt by the German princes against Herman;" and "Herman's death." His sacred dramas illustrate episodes in the History of David and Solomon. But we have no room left for extracts. His third sacred drama—"The Death of Adam," is considered superior to the Samson Agonistes of Milton; and is, next to Racine's *Athalie*, the best sacred drama extant. It still maintains possession of the German stage. It opens with preparations for the marriage of Heman and Selima, two of the younger children of our first parents. Eve is employed in collecting flowering shrubs for the decoration of the bridal bower; her married daughters are assembled to witness the benediction of the nuptials, and to ask for their children also the pious prayers of Adam. But to him a death-angel has appeared; he feels that his end approaches, and to Seth he confides the knowledge of his doom. He visits the grave, or tomb of Abel, where he is accustomed to pray, and beside which he desires finally to repose. He takes an affecting farewell of the surrounding scenery of nature, on which his dimming eyes are preparing to close forever: the death-angel has informed him that at sunset he will have ceased to live. A strange man, unknown to the happy brethren, draws near. . . . It is Cain. . . . Moved by a mysterious impulse, he has quitted the wilderness, and is come to curse his dying father. The deep agitations produced by this pathetic interview excite a shudder of horror. When Cain has withdrawn, Adam sends Seth after him, to say, that, as he had not lifted his hand against his parent, he is forgiven. The communication to Eve of the impending doom of her fellow-created ancient companion, and her consequent distress, are feelingly depicted. At length the family are drawn together round his final couch; he takes leave of them all, and bestows his last benediction, prophesying to Eve, that she will not long survive him. The sun sets. The death-angel appears for the third time: Adam dies: and an earthquake buries him under rocks.

But our time has now come for taking leave of our poet. Notwithstanding the serious turn of mind which pervades

his writings, he was fond of society, and very lively and agreeable. His countenance (as is related by one of his friends) was extremely pleasing, though not remarkably handsome: his eyes were blue, full of animation, but chiefly expressive of tenderness and benevolence. His voice was uncommonly sweet; and when he first addressed a stranger, it was in a low, gentle, *entreating* tone, till, by degrees, he commanded his whole attention, by the spirit and energy of his conversation. . . . In painting, he loved only what delineated life, deep thought, and speaking expression; in music, only what affected the heart. To give an instance of his enthusiasm for the Fine Arts we will add, in conclusion, a few lines, which he wrote to Bodmer, in reference to his friend's determination to translate The Messiah into Italian:

"You intend to review The Messiah in the language of Tasso. It is a great satisfaction to me to be made known to the admirers of Tasso and Michael Angelo. In my youth I never could hear the name of Tasso without reverence; and to see Michael Angelo's picture of the 'Last Judgment,' I would travel alone to Rome."

We have been, in the course of our remarks, very severe upon the false direction which the utilitarian spirit is taking among us. With such a lofty theme as the "Messiah," and such a lofty man as Klopstock before us, we felt somewhat provoked. We confess it. But let us not be misunderstood. We despise the morbid sentimentality which can only find human worth when surrounded with the attributes of Art and poesy. We are fully alive to all the humanizing and indirectly refining influences of a sturdy spirit of enterprise, of a titanic, never-resting, all-quickenning energy, and intellect evolving industry and commercial activity. We do, in our heart, fervid homage to all their beneficent influences of utilitarianism, and we will do so by words, as this opportunity invites to it. But we protest against its unholy effects. We protest against the encroachments of physical necessities upon the spiritual development of our country. We cannot bear this fearful pall, which chokes the souls of our higher and nobler minds. We cannot bear to see a spirit creeping in our social atmosphere, which seems to us like the death-knell of the prospects of our Arts, of our poesy, of our spiritual vitality. We stand in need of finer impulses to redeem the glorious promises which the organization of our government tacitly gave to mankind. No arts, no spirit of philosophy can prosper in a country where mammon rules. If we had not an unwavering faith in the providential mission of our country, we would not dare to utter these words of censure and discouragement. But we gather courage from the very intensity of this our faith. Our country, with its majesty of nature, its heroic history, its Christianity, and its literature, shall it become nothing but an arena for greedy traders and howling demagogues? nothing but a big auction room? nothing but a granary

and plantation to feed the stomachs and spin the garments for mankind?

Shall it not rather become a country where the sturdy spirit of business shall walk hand in hand with refining influences; where the activity of the hand and the brain shall walk hand in hand with the cultivation of the heart, and the energies of the soul? We can hear the "*Amen*," which is uttered by all the honest, and good, and gentle in the land. But we cannot overlook the fact, that our heroic era has been followed by an industrial era. With an increased population, the cry for bread overreaches all other voices. In the necessity of every individual working to get a living, here favored by unparalleled advantages, we recognize one of the most civilizing and humanizing influences of our country. It is, indeed, this one single fact which, if all our other American traits should be compared disadvantageously with those of other countries, would give us a moral supremacy, and a moral power, that outweighs all other disadvantages, and gives us, in a comprehensively humanitarian sense, the first rank in the place of civilized nations.

But, while we bow with reverence before this providential feature, in the aspect of American civilization, we would humbly, but firmly, urge the necessity of facing the weaknesses of a system, in all other respects so entitled to admiration. These weaknesses we had in our mind when we alluded to the encroaching tendency of our material and intellectual upon our spiritual and moral development. It may be argued that an excess of heroism, of moral enthusiasm, may prove as dangerous in the course of time as an excess of materialism. But there is no danger of any such excess. Our heroic era is gone. The circumstances which called it into life have passed away. New circumstances may come to call it forth anew. But they have not come yet. In the meantime, the industrial era is in full bloom. Let us thank God that it is so. But the creation of a nobler life-philosophy, of a nobler sympathy with the refining influences of the higher powers of civilization, Art, and literature, based upon a higher moral standard, is required to prevent that spirit of industry which is now a blessing, by its diffusion of wealth and comfort, and, at least, material happiness, from becoming a curse, by its exhalations of lucre, and profligacy, and reckless immorality. Such a curse must blight the existence of artists, all the inspiration of our poets, all the aspiration of our women, all the efforts of our clergy, all the prayers of our good men, all the promises of our early history, and all the expectations of humanity.

Surely, we do not mean to say that the study of a few German writers will cure the evil. But we say they contain pure and noble thoughts. Let us try to embody them in our world of Art and our world of humanity. "But why import thoughts from abroad? Why not manufacture them here?" Let us bear in mind the providential mission of nations. We are actors in the public concerns of the world, we have not much time left for *thinking*.

Those poor Germans do all the thinking, because they do so little of the acting. Let us use our Yankee sharpness to improve upon that. We are fully alive to the objection raised against foreign thinkers. We belong to those who think that the *bad* European thought is much worse than the worst American thought; simply upon the same ground that the *bad* old man is worse than the worst young man. But the *best* European thought has always guided us, and inspired our public men, our artists, and our thinkers.

Let us, in conclusion, quote the words of Milton, which are as applicable to our country as they are to his:

"As wine and oil are imported to us from abroad, so must ripe understanding and many civil virtues be imported into our minds from foreign writings; we shall else miscarry still, and come short in the attempts of any great enterprise."—*Milton, History of Britain, Book III.*

TASTE.—Refined to the most acute perception of all the degrees which lie between the remote extremes of beauty and deformity, of pleasure and pain—taste is anything but a blessing; unless where there is judgment to go deeper into the essential qualities of things, and to discover a moral good beneath a physical evil; because the outward aspect of our world, even with all its loveliness, and the external character of our circumstances, even with all our enjoyments, are such as often to present pictures repulsive and abhorrent to perceptions more delicate than deep. But the cultivation of taste, when confined as it ought to be to its proper place, and limited to its proper degree, is eminently conducive to our happiness, and eventually to our good. Taste should even rule itself, and set bounds to its own existence, for its laws are as much violated when we are too sublime for useful service, and too delicate for duty, as when we descend to the use of vulgar epithets, and ape the absurdities of our inferiors.—*S. Stickney.*

BIRTH OF ART.—People may say what they please about the gradual improvement of the Arts. It is not true of the substance. The Arts and the Muses both spring forth in the youth of nations, like Minerva from the front of Jupiter, all armed; manual dexterity may, indeed, be improved by practice.—*S. T. Coleridge.*

DELAROCHE.

A FELLOW mortal gone! a being dead!

A corpse insensate on a throng'd bier!

To think on one who is no longer here;

On what he did, and what he thought and said!

It is a daily duty that has led

Low thought to gather for a higher sphere,

And winged the chrysalis of hampered fear

Until in sunny faith it vanished.

But when an artist dies—there sinks with him,

Alas! a garner of whole truths from God,

For on that vision-lens that now is dim,

Lay pictures of the many paths he trod,

Where He had led him by a secret lure,

As one who fain would treasure what is pure.

J. W.